

NEVER MIND IT.

Never mind the weather,
If it's wet or dry;
Singing on together—
Be springtime by an' by!

Never mind the weather,
If it's hail or snow;
Somewhere stars are shinin'—
Somewhere roses grow.

Never mind the weather,
When the fire-flakes fall;
Winter time's a comin'—
Ice enough for all!

Never mind the weather—
World is mighty big;
Keep up with the lightning—
Let the thunder dance a jig!

Never mind the weather,
Take the good an' ill;
Good Lord made it for you,
An' He's runnin' it of still!

—(Atlanta Constitution.)

DAUGHTER OF THE CAVALIERS.

BY MARION V. DORSEY.

The Copleys were spending the winter in Munich, so that Bert might go on to Heidelberg and Ethel pursue her musical studies under good masters.

There was another reason, too. Their income was not what it used to be, and having decided that a sojourn in this German city was the most economical plan they were soon busy settling themselves in a quaint old house on the Carlsberg-Platz. Margaret found it quite possible to make the room look familiar and home-like. The same pictures, books and bric-a-brac were placed as they had been in the colonial mansion on Mount Vernon place, in far-away Baltimore, and it is the household gods, after all, that reconcile us to the inevitable changes.

It was for her own room that she kept her father's portrait, the unopened brass box bequeathed to her in his will, and the musty books, which she alone found interesting.

Here everything showed age but the reflection in the toilet mirror. The windows were draped in the tapestry brought from England by Sir Lionel Copley, the first Governor of the Province of Maryland. Over the fireplace, immediately under her father's aristocratic profile, her revolutionary ancestor's sword was crossed on its scabbard. A valance of much-mended Cluny lace, the gift of Queen Anne to a maid of honor, who was of Margaret's name and lineage, festooned the mantel edge, and on the wall, framed in relics of 'charter oak,' hung the original grant for Bonny Venture, their homestead in Cecil, bearing Lord Baltimore's seal and signature.

Only in such fitting environment was this fair descendant of the cavaliers content to dream her dreams and see her visions, and now they were not always glorified by vanished greatness; youth and love were striving for mastery over the hereditary tendency to sacrifice the living present to an errant veneration for the past.

People invariably called Margaret Copley a distinguished looking girl, and yet her beauty was far from being that assertive type which usually wins this expression of admiration. She was as fine, fragile and polished as one of her grandame's Sevres teacups, but an analytical observer would find himself baffled by the resisting power that sometimes shone in her soft, brown eyes and was indicated by her delicately firm chin. Her full, curved lips, like those of a bee, would have laughed at the idea that she was "classifiable." She held herself to be something distinctly different from all other young women, in that she was self-styled, progressive, conservative, and that rare avis, a feminine antiquarian.

The months passed pleasantly and quickly while the Copleys were making acquaintance with the city of cathedrals and palaces, and their daily mail left them nothing to complain of in their friends across the sea.

Paul Harcourt, the good comrade of Margaret's childhood and girlhood, had begun by writing her letters, filled with enthusiasm for the work he had planned to do as a scientific specialist at the John Hopkins Hospital, where he had already won distinguished recognition for the successful operation of his advanced ideas in the department of clinics. He was intensely, eagerly modern, and held precedent in veneration only in so far as it gave the clearest reasons for the infallibility of his why and wherefore.

As Margaret Copley's absence lengthened he no longer tried to restrain his pen from gliding into personal allusions which should convey some intimation of the hope he now held dearer than fame.

One day she had been many hours at the Pinacotheca, drinking in the beauties of Raffaele, Rembrandt and Fra Bartolomeo, and threw herself, tired and aimless, upon the lounge in her mother's sitting room, and lay there in calm enjoyment of Ethel's skillfully executed fantasy, when her rosy cheeked maid brought in the letters.

There were two for Margaret and several for her mother, who was returning calls.

"One from Paul," she said to herself, with delightful anticipation, "and one from Bert," with much less interest.

From the next room the melody still rippled forth, and on the table beside the couch a bunch of Parma violets breathed an exquisite fragrance which, with the music and the words of overmastering love on the written page, blended together in a soul subduing minor trio.

"He loves me! he loves me! Oh, dream of my life!" she cried, burying her face upon her folded arms as if to hide from unseeing eyes its supreme exaltation. A new glory had come upon the earth, the glory that crowns but the one moment of hope's fruition.

She knew now that the rich promise, all the possibilities of Paul Harcourt's earnest, noble manhood were

hers to share and encourage. She knew now that achievement and fame were less dear to him than her answering love.

The Chopin fantasy rippled on, from faintest sounds to silence. Presently Ethel came in and picked up the paper that came with her mail. Scanning it over she said suddenly:—"Here is something that will interest you, sister. It's about the historical society. It offers a thousand dollars for some old records. Margaret, are you asleep?"

But no answer.

"Gracious!" said Ethel, tiptoeing away, "I thought she would wake from the dead if any one mentioned old records."

When her sister was out of hearing Margaret raised herself on her elbow and reached for the flower. "Ah," she said, laying them against her flushed face, "I don't want to think about the dead just now, but about—about—the radiant future!"

It was not her habit to mention getting a letter from Bert until after she had read it for fear it should contain some confidence not intended for an eye or ear but hers. He had promised to confess to her if he should be guilty even of "gentlemanly peccadilloes," as he termed his waywardness; so it was not until she had kissed her mother and Ethel a happier good night than usual that she sat down by her own lamp to read this one.

Bert had been very complaining of late, and it was always money, money. She had been sending him nearly all her own allowance, and did not see how she could do more; but the first few lines showed her that there was something worse than a renewed demand for money, and that disgrace, open disgrace, would be the penalty if it were not forthcoming.

With white lips and eyes aflame with indignation, she read on, each word branding shame upon her heart and brain. It ran:—

"My Dearest and Best Sister—Do you remember what you said to me on the ocean, about helping me out of a scrape? Well, I'm in the worst one you could imagine, and Margaret, you must help me, or our good name will be blackened forever. While half crazed with wine I took \$800 from my room mate Simpson—you recollect him—and a dozen of us went on a ten days' spree. I did not know what I was doing, sis, indeed, I didn't, and that says he always despised our pretensions, and will certainly give me over as a scoundrel unless every cent is refunded in a month."

"I feel more for you and mamma than myself."

"Yours, in everlasting regret, 'Bert'."

She sat like one to whom the death sentence had just been read—wide eyed, dazed. Slowly the reality of it all, its horrible truthfulness, left its outward sign of her inward conflict.

The letter fell from her trembling fingers to the floor, where it lay with its flippant announcement of a great crime flaunting itself shamelessly, a crime whose consequences were so brutally thrust upon her.

She drew back the folds of her long clinging gown from coat with the miserable sheet, and pushing it from her with the toe of her slim, arched slipper, stood looking down at it with no trace of pity about her eyes or mouth; only scorn unutterable.

There is a mere 'gentlemanly peccadillo,' I suppose," she said in a harsh, unnatural voice. "A Copley!—a Copley! Oh, my father, that a son of yours should have done this thing!" and she threw herself prostrate before Copley's unresponsive effigy. "Help me to keep disgrace from your dear, dear name. At any cost to me. Oh, my dear father, it shall be kept unstained!"

She lay there till the great cathedral clock struck one, trying to make a way out of this terrible difficulty, yet finding none. She knew that their quarterly income was not due for weeks, and besides she had breathed a vow to her father, whose spirit she felt to be a real presence, that her sweet, timid mother and Ethel should be spared all knowledge of Bert's sin if she alone could prevent its exposure.

Suddenly, like an inspiration, she thought of what her sister had said about the notice in the Baltimore paper when she had been so wrapped in love's young dream that she scarcely heeded her took her night candle and cautiously made her way down stairs. There lay the paper. All was still, the quiet sleepers unconscious of the tragedy being enacted under the same roof that sheltered them.

Back to her room once more, she sought the paragraph with feverish eagerness till at last it caught her eye. A long account of the Maryland Historical Society wound up by saying: "And those old records, dating from about 1685 to 1700, have never been found. Among them is supposed to be a list of those who emigrated to the province at the time, and for the sake of important work to be completed the society offers \$1,000 for such information from an authoritative source."

"The brass box!" she cried hysterically.

From the secret drawer of an antique escritoire, in the corner of the room, she took a tiny key, with a bit of black ribbon tied to it, and hastily fitted it into the curious lock which she had studied and wondered about from tottering infancy. In all her imaginings she had never dreamed that, like Pandora's box, it held her own woes.

There were dozens of parchments, some of which dated back to Clai-borne's time, and there, tied together with personal letters of Sir Lionel Copley, was the long missing list.

The old fascination came over her in full force. She set books, papers, weights, everything, on the curling pavement, flattening it out on the table before her. There were many familiar names, those of her life long friends, and many of whom she had never heard. Low down on the list her eye fell upon the words, pale, dim, but legible—"Paul Harcourt, valet."

Minutes ticked off into hours, and she still sat gazing, till all the page seemed covered with "valet, valet," and presently the odious word began

to move upon the time worn document. It had legs, arms—a periwig!

It was bowing severely. Now it is brushing a pair of top boots, and ah, is bringing towels and the bath!

All the cavalier blood in her veins seemed breathing, beating in an angry surge against her throbbing temples, and misery, the like of which she had not thought it possible for mortal to suffer, laid hold upon her soul. The shame of Bert's conduct was nothing to this shame—nothing.

"Oh, heaven!" she groaned in agony of spirit, making a groping effort to find the window; "I am going mad."

She got the sash up and let the damp, refreshing air blow from the dark, echoing square.

"This trouble of Bert's has been too much for me. It is only my crazed fancy. That is not there at all."

Still moving unsteadily, she opened a cabinet near by and took out a finely finished photograph.

"No, no," she said sternly; "that patrician nose, that sensitive mouth did not come of a valet's stock. But why am I trying to convince myself? Don't I know it was all an optical illusion?"

Replacing the manly presentiment of the modern Paul Harcourt in the cabinet, Margaret Copley stood irresolute, and then, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, dragged herself back to the table and leaned against it, toying with its contents, while delaying the moment of sure conviction.

A small bronze statuette of Clio, with recording quill in hand, weighted one corner of the record. She snatched it up and flung it through the open window.

"Break into a thousand pieces, liar!" she cried passionately; "break as you have broken my heart," and, stooping quickly, she once more saw the—towels and bath.

"Father," she sobbed despairingly, her vehement emotion having spent itself and left her benumbed with pain and bewilderment, "father, I loved him, and I—I love him still. I would give my life to keep the world from seeing this blasting word, but I am your daughter. I will save the name of Copley. That day—you went away—you said:—'Do what is best with things.' Oh, is it best to sell these things to save ourselves, or best to destroy it, for Paul's sake?"

She fell heavily, closing down the lid of the brass box with a metallic crash that brought her mother and Ethel running, panic stricken, to her room.

They hurriedly got her into bed and sent for a physician.

"She has worn herself out over those musty old papers," Mrs. Copley complained resentfully. "My poor, dear child will kill herself worrying over such things."

In the delirium of fever which followed she talked so incessantly about Bert that the doctor ordered him home.

"I shall certainly send it, Bert, never fear," she whispered to him when he bent down to kiss her one day. She thought he had just come, but he had been there a week.

"My head is quite clear now. Go, get that parchment on the table. You will see a list of names on it. Yes, that's it. Seal it up and direct it to the Maryland Elizabeth Historical Society and inclose a note telling the librarian it was among papa's papers; he'll know. And tell him the musty telegraph payment to our bank on the day of its receipt. Send it now, and please don't ask me any questions; I'm tired" and she turned her quivering face to the wall.

Some days later, Margaret, pale and sad eyed, was lying once more on the sitting room lounge. Her own room was a horror to her. For the first time in her life its antiquity seemed naught but ghostliness, and she felt its atmosphere would stifle her feeble efforts toward regaining health and strength. Bert sat beside her, waiting to take his mother to a choral service in the cathedral.

"By the way, sis," he said, carelessly, "whose name do you suppose I saw on the old list, or whose ancestor's, rather."

"Whose?" she answered, faintly, deftly holding a large feather fan at a screening angle.

Bert leaned back in his chair and gave one of his careless laughs.

"Why I happened to lay my magnifying glass down on your table one day when I first came, and going to pick it up later I saw under it 'Paul Harcourt and valet,' as big as primer letters."

"And valet?" she queried, below her breath; "no, that was not there."

"Oh, but it was," Bert insisted; "I swear by the eternal gratitude to you I saw the 'and' as plain as day today through the glass, but it was too faded to see without, so I traced the letters in pale ink and made them look just like the rest. It wasn't any harm, was it?"

On the instant the great bell rang out its first jubilant note, and she was left alone with more music in her heart than was pealing from the throats of all the choristers in Munich. —[Kate Field's Washington.

Wedding of the Future.

Here's a sample of a wedding notice ten years hence, as foreseen by the Atchison Globe: "The bride looked very well in a traveling dress, but all eyes were centered on the groom. He wore a dark suit that fitted perfectly his manly form, a large bouquet decorated his coat lapel and in his daintily gloved hand he carried a bouquet of American beauties. His hair was cut close and a delicate odor of barbers' soap floated down the aisle as he passed. The young people will miss him now that he is married. He is loved by all for his many accomplishments, his tender graces and his winning ways. The bride commands a good salary as a bookkeeper in St. Joseph and the groom will miss none of the luxuries to which he had been accustomed. A crowd of pretty young men saw them off at the depot."

The driest part in the world is said to be that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile. Rain has never been known to fall there, and the natives do not believe travelers when told that water falls from the sky.

Lines of the Figure.

SOME LEGITIMATE DEVICES FOR THEIR CORRECTION.

A Woman Can Do Pretty Much as She Pleases with Her Shape—Selection of Sketches Illustrating Points of Form and Adornment.

Dresses that Deceive.

New York correspondence.

NOT much can be done for an unlovely face, which more often than not proves a hopeless handicap. With the figure it is different, and the entirely legitimate devices for its correction are many. A woman can do pretty much as she pleases with her back; she can make it narrow or wide to suit her own ideas of beauty, or she can control the curve of the hips and the lines between the shoulders; in short, the homeliest flat-chested woman can make you believe her charming when she turns her back on you.

There are today two admissible styles of back; one, and the favorite, rises with vase-like curve from a small round waist. The first and second pictures illustrate this type. The vase-curve is a long one and under the arms the lines spread gracefully, in suggestion of the full bust line. Between the shoulders horizontally the back is absolutely flat, neither rounding out nor in the least bowed in, as results from throwing the shoulders away from the back in the mistaken notion that thus the figure is improved. This line from shoulder to shoulder should be as long as half way round the waist, a narrow back being always "beautiful." The line starting from the horizontal shoulder line and ending at the waist line should curve distinctly and gracefully, bending in as it approaches the waist line, and at the waist beginning the outward curve, which extends below and is one of the most important lines in a woman's figure. This back is worth having, and if you haven't it, it is worth coaxing or even making entirely. For a tall woman inclined to slenderness about the hips, it is the only suitable back.

The second sort is much shorter waisted, and while flat across the

cape collar to match, as in the third dress shown herewith. This gown is from a handsome gray novelty suit, and is trimmed with pearl-gray satin. The back view gives as good an idea of the whole as would a look at the front, for both are alike. The skirt is lined with thin silk through-out, and the fullness is gathered in the back, leaving the hips and front plain. The bodice has no darts in front nor seams behind, being made of perfectly fitted bias material. Gathered in the shoulder seams are two wide pieces of straight goods which cross over at the bust and end in the deep corselet, which consists of two satin bands, one light, the other dark gray. All plain or mixed suitings are suitable for this toilet, and leather can be substituted for the satin garniture.

For the second permitted type of back—the short-waisted sort—is the next gown which the artist contributes. Its material is striped watered silk, which is now used for the most elegant costumes, and for trimming there are jet and Chantilly lace flouncing. The skirt is lined with taffeta, stiffened around the bottom and trimmed with two bands of black gailon and a lace edging. The latter is put on plain and cut into points at the top, where it is finished with narrow jet passementerie. Besides, jet ornaments are placed between the tabs. This garniture is much higher in back than in front, the bodice is alike back and front, and has its yoke also cut into tabs, edged with jet gailon and dotted with large jet nailheads. Below this the stuff is laid in pleats that face each other, and a wider band of the gailon forms the belt. The sleeves have im-

shoulders as every good back must be, it may round out a little bit in the line from shoulder to nape of neck. Its lines are shown in each of the three other pictures. From shoulder to waist it is much shorter than the other back and does not curve so much. The under arm line does not curve, but slants outward to give added breadth under the arms. The whole back suggests the rather plump figure, or one more mature than the vase style, and is easier to make or suggest than the other. Everything that tends to lengthen or narrow the back and give it spring at the hips suggests the first sort; everything that tends to shorten, widen and make round without hump-ing, of course, suggests the other. So take your choice intelligently.

Of late the fashion has tended to extreme elaboration of the bodice. If the back is to be made up," that is the kind of a bodice to wear. What may not a woman do when she may have rosettes, frills, falls, sashes, perpendicular or horizontal insertions and stripes, checks, over-draping and scarfing on her bodice, and if she likes, all of these things? The last of the unfortunate of a few years ago who was compelled to get into a bodice of almost tailor-made severity whether she had any back or not.

In the selection of sketches for these illustrations, those have been chosen which illustrate points of form and adornment in the back of you, all five showing new and stylish dresses. The wearer in the first one has the vase-like figure and does not need to strive for disguising effects. The only bodice trimming showing behind is a point of silk passementerie, which corresponds

to the cuffs trimmed with jet fringed epaulettes, and deep cuffs are banded at the wrists with jet.

The reader accustomed to consider such matters will see at once that not only is this back short in the waist but that by a trick of trimming it also takes on a look of shortness in the skirt which does not really exist. This is caused by the use of the deep flounce, which at the middle of the back takes up more than half of the skirt's length, and, by thus dividing it, makes it seem much shorter than it really is.

To the round-shouldered the yoke is really invaluable, but before accepting it is hard to reform. Guard against that fatal blunder, "corset top line" across the shoulders by getting a corset surely short enough in the back. Don't be misled in this by a desire to be long-waisted. Straighten the back out so much by drawing the shoulders together as by seeming to try to bring the upper part of the back and the hips into contact. As for the yoke, let it come down across the rounding line, pointing up or down a little at the center. Let the edge of such a yoke be finished with a full or flounce. If by proper standing a good curve of the back toward the waist has been accomplished, such a yoke will hide all that is not good of the back.

Entirely hidden in the last pair of shoulders pictured, and the method of their concealment constitutes a novel and dainty garniture. It consists of two rosettes of cornflower-blue satin ribbon placed at the shoulders with the connecting straps ornamented in the center with a paste buckle. Two long ends of sash ribbon hang from the rosettes. The dress stuff is yellow China silk, its underskirt is trimmed with a wide flounce of embroidered mousseline, and the accordion-pleated overskirt is pointed and embroidered to match this flounce.

To improve a waist that has become too big, place a little black rosette at either side of the center of the back at the waist line. Allow no more than half an inch between the rosettes, and if they are the ends of bands passing over the shoulders, the effect is increased. There is no better trick for simulating slenderness which does not exist.

becomes the more apparent on either side, and the cave-in between the prominent shoulders is softened and concealed.

The next sketch displays a figure of excellent outlines, but, nevertheless, clothed in a bodice of considerable elaboration. For it, black satin is covered with jet, and is almost entirely hidden, save for a band in black, by a full flounce of black tulle edged with black lace, which crosses over in front and ties behind. A tulle ruching finishes the neck, and the sleeves are capped by lace epaulettes. The accompanying skirt is gored and bordered with a wide flounce of black lace, headed by narrow black velvet ribbon and bows of black satin ribbon of different sizes, with one very large bow held by ribbon taps on each side. If color is desired in a toilet after this model, a very pretty effect can be obtained by making the band of velvet at the top of the lace flounce and the little bows of different colored ribbons. The wide ribbon bow at the waist should then be of a corresponding shade.

For lack of outward curve below the waist, the little perkilly skirt across the waist-line at the back is invaluable, or a crisp bow with well-set-out ends gives much the same relief to flatness here, where it is least wanted. These frills are entirely admissible in current fashions, which often have with them a

cape collar to match, as in the third dress shown herewith. This gown is from a handsome gray novelty suit, and is trimmed with pearl-gray satin. The back view gives as good an idea of the whole as would a look at the front, for both are alike. The skirt is lined with thin silk through-out, and the fullness is gathered in the back, leaving the hips and front plain. The bodice has no darts in front nor seams behind, being made of perfectly fitted bias material. Gathered in the shoulder seams are two wide pieces of straight goods which cross over at the bust and end in the deep corselet, which consists of two satin bands, one light, the other dark gray. All plain or mixed suitings are suitable for this toilet, and leather can be substituted for the satin garniture.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

CHICAGO has thirty-five railroads with land terminals within its borders; Kansas City has 16, St. Louis 14, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh 10, Boston 8, and New York 5. The great Eastern metropolis, however, even up on ferry lines, which carry an average of one million people a day across the Hudson and East rivers.

TALL iron towers are no longer considered worth erecting. The preparations for the grand exposition of 1900 at Paris include the removal of the Eiffel Tower, if designers prefer its removal, and the still higher iron tower for Wembley Park, London, has been stopped for want of funds. Work ceased before its four great legs had been united at the first platform.

THE performances of the Austrian Archduke Eugene at Domstadt have inspired a great deal of hero worship there. While visiting the little town he observed with interest the threshing of corn on a farm, and asking for a flail he joined in the work with the men and women, while half the village ran to see the unwanted spectacle. As the Archduke is a strikingly handsome man of unusual height and noble bearing the spectacle was one to be remembered.

ACCORDING to recent statistics, there are about 2,000 women practicing medicine on the continent of North America, of whom 180 are homeopaths. The majority are ordinary practitioners, but among the remainder are 70 hospital physicians or surgeons, 95 professors in the schools, 610 specialists for the diseases of women, 79 alienists, 65 orthopedists, 40 oculists and aurists, and finally 80 electro-therapists. In Canada there is but one medical school devoted exclusively to the training of medical ladies, but in the United States in 1898 there were ten, one of them being a homeopathic establishment.

ASIATICS are learning, for the first time in a generation, something about the strength of the United States navy. Since the civil war the Asiatic station has seldom had a considerable ship in its squadron. The Baltimore is the only considerable modern ship that this Government has sent to the station, and even now half of the ships of the squadron are small and old-fashioned. It used to be said in the navy that certain ships were kept on the Asiatic station not only because they were of sufficiently light draught to ascend Chinese rivers but as well also because they were totally unfit to come home across the Pacific.

In a recent sermon the Rev. C. F. Aked, of Liverpool, England, declared that slavery still exists in England. "Think of St. Helen's in Lancashire," he said, "and the condition of the chemical laborers there. There, engaged in the very foulest work, men labor one hundred and twelve hours one week and fifty-six hours the next, or one hundred and sixty-eight hours in the fortnight, or an average of twelve hours a day all the year round, scared and burnt by the flying particles of caustic; their teeth destroyed by acids and their internal organs, as revealed by post-mortem examination, blackened by the vapors. These men drink, and so would you drink, madly, till death released you from your sufferings."

SENSIBLE readers will, in the opinion of the New York Times, take their war news, whether it appears to come from Chinese or Japanese sources, with a liberal dilution of doubt. But one thing is abundantly clear from the tenor of all the dispatches, and that is that the Japanese have far more enterprise, dash, and initiative than the Chinese, and these qualities go a long way in war. It is not denied, either, that the Japanese are entirely united and very much in earnest, while there is great doubt whether the mass of Chinamen care anything about the matter. In fact, the Chinamen are so numerous and so stay-at-home that to them, except upon the coast and the frontiers, a foreigner is not a conceivable creature. Their whole world is China. No doubt, if the torpid empire could really be got into motion it would crush the Japanese by mere force of numbers, but as things are, the moral qualities of the Japanese will go a long way to counterbalance their inferiority in numbers and resources.

On the steppe near Borki, that point on the railway where an accident happened on 1888 to the train carrying the Russian Imperial family, rises a church built in the Muscovite style of the seventeenth century. It was erected, adorned and filled with paintings by the subscriptions of the faithful in all parts of the empire, and cost about \$125,000. A high cupola is surrounded by six conical towers. The fronts are in yellow brick, elaborately ornamented with designs in which the double-headed eagle is conspicuous. A chapel has been built into the embankment near the rails where the Emperor's coach was pitched off the track. The mural and other paintings in church and chapel are by Prof. Makofsky, whose paintings are well known in New York. A park has been planted about the church. In the chapel is a record of the names of twenty-three persons killed and thirty-six injured in the disaster. Work has been going on for three years or more; the inauguration took place last June.

The American Poplar.

The native poplar or American tulip tree grows to fine size and shape in these parts, and is one of the noblest of ornamental shade trees. It has been famous wherever it is native for the height and straightness of its silvery trunk and the rich green of its foliage. One of the most notable tulip trees, and one of the largest trees ever measured in the East, was the great poplar of Dinwiddie Court House. It measured forty-three feet eight inches in circumference three feet from the pines, and rose perpendicularly without knot or blemish ninety feet to its first limb. It is said that the diameter of the tree increased ten feet in thirty years. —[New York Sun.

TRAINING A DOG.

Useful Hints Concerning Canine Education.

The training of a dog should begin very early, as soon, indeed, as a puppy is able to take notice. The first thing a puppy should be taught is his name, and it is a bad plan to select a long one for a dog. One of a single syllable is the best, and it should have a sharp and definite sound.